

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Greek Revolution: its Origin and Progress; together with some Remarks on the Religion, National Character, &c., in Greece. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 362. London, 1824.

MR. BLAQUIERE is an intelligent writer, and we presume a chivalrous and enthusiastic lover of freedom; for we cannot suppose that he has a *penchant* for revolutions, merely for the sake of them, but that the same wish to rescue an enslaved people has actuated him in the case of Spain and Greece. The night of darkness and intolerance has closed upon the former, and, although the Peninsula may be torn by dissensions for ages, yet there is no prospect of a government of laws being established, or of the people shaking off the manacles of a gloomy priesthood. In Greece, however, the prospect is more cheering, for notwithstanding the jealousies among the chiefs, and the unfortunate and unjust suspicions of the Europeans who have gone to their assistance*, yet the determined bravery ma-

* An event occurred at Mesalougi, about the middle of February, which not only illustrates our observation, but relates to an individual so intimately connected with literature, that we shall be excused for quoting the following account of it from the *Star*, where it is stated to be authentic:—

'The Philhellenists, early in January, established a small arsenal and laboratory in the place, which was protected by a captain's guard.

'A Suliot captain, with his followers, having been refused admittance without regular permission from the superior authority, in a sudden gust of passion, drew his pistol and shot the captain (a Prussian officer of Lord Byron's suite), who fell dead at his feet! Some more persons are said to have lost their lives in this affray. The feelings of Lord Byron were so strongly agitated by this cruel bloodshed, that he was seized with violent epileptic fits, which excited real alarm for his life, but from which he happily recovered. It is understood that the consequences of this barbarous atrocity have been extremely prejudicial to the affairs of the insurgents; for about eighteen or twenty expert gunners and artificers, sent out it is said by the Greek Committee in London, immediately resolved to quit a country where their lives were in jeopardy every hour, by those whom they went to assist. They left Mesalougi for Zante and Cephalonia, to perform quarantine.

'The insubordination of the Sulliot battalion (about five hundred strong, on whom Lord Byron chiefly relies) could no longer be tolerated in Mesalougi.

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nifested in every encounter with the Turks is a sure earnest of success. The sceptre is departing from the Grand Signior, and in a few years his empire will be dismembered, and his tyranny overthrown.

Mr. Blaquiere was sent to Greece by the committee formed in London, for the purpose of aiding this brave people in their struggle; for such is the liberty allowed in this country, that associations may be formed for overturning a government with which the country is on terms of peace and friendship; though it seems a singular anomaly to the 'three-tailed Bashes' of Turkey, who have demanded the head of Lord Byron, not for a drinking-skull, as he has done with one of his ancestors, but to place it along with the head of his old friend, Ali Pacha. Mr. Blaquiere is now, we believe, in Greece, charged with the funds raised in this country to assist in its independence. His work commences with an historical account of Greece, the contrast between the Greeks and the Turks, and other subjects, introductory to his account of the present insurrection. It is not necessary, we believe, to show how just the insurrection is, since there needs no apology for the oppressed shaking off their oppressors. There is no 'right divine to govern wrong' in Turkey or Greece, any more than elsewhere; and the Greeks have no occasion to justify their revolt on the 'nature of the conquest' over them by the Turks; nor do we think it necessary to recapitulate the galling oppressions under which the Turks have groaned for nearly three centuries, since they are notorious; and if the Greeks have not long ago been exterminated, it has not been from motives of humanity, but from those of interest; the argument of the Turks being, that if they kill all the Greeks, they will lose the capitation tax they pay.

Mr. Blaquiere enters at some length into the plans of the Greeks, for shaking off the yoke of Turkey, the revolt of the Servians, the conduct of Czerni George, and other matters, previous to the present insurrection, which had been fixed for 1825, but was accelerated by the rupture between the Porte and Ali Pacha. Before he proceeds to an account of the revolution, Mr. Blaquiere gives a slight sketch of the provinces destined to become the theatre of hostilities:—

'A modern writer has well observed, that Walachia and Moldavia are, perhaps, at once the most fertile and most miserable countries of Europe: the former, in particular, possesses within itself incalculable resources. A vast level tract of al-

luvial soil, extending from the base of the Carpathian hills to the Danube, is equally adapted for pasture or tillage: the crops of wheat, maize, and millet, are most luxuriant, and its cattle remarkable for their beauty. The breed of horses are naturally excellent, though much neglected, and sheep so numerous, that 250,000 were annually exported to Constantinople, which indeed receives its principal supplies of provisions from these two provinces. Pigs, poultry, fruit, timber, wax, honey, cheese, butter, and wine, are not less plentiful. The forests abound with game; and the rivers and lakes, which intersect the country in all directions, with fish. Nature has, in short, done every thing for this prolific region, while man, on the contrary, seems to have used his utmost endeavours to render her bounty unavailing. Gold is washed down by the mountain torrents, and veins of that metal are known to exist in the Carpathian range. In Walachia, the salt-mines yield a revenue of 600,000 Turkish piastres to the prince annually. The products of Moldavia are nearly the same, but it is less fertile, and by the last treaty with Russia, the finest portion of it beyond the Pruth was ceded to that power.

'It is a singular though well authenticated fact, that the inhabitants of the principalities bear evident marks of Roman descent, or at least of having sprung from a mixture of Dacians, with Italian colonies, planted there by the emperors. Their language is a corrupt dialect of Latin, nearly approaching to some of the provincial jargons of Italy, and mingled with some Greek and Slavonic words. The dress of the peasants is the same as that of the Dacians represented on Trajan's column at Rome. In both respects, those of language and costume, these people wholly differ from all their neighbours. While under the government of their native Hospodars they were accounted brave and warlike, but every vestige of spirit has been long extinguished through the tyranny of those sent to rule over them by the Mussulmen despots: men whose reigns have not been so much stained by cruelty, as disgraced by a most unprincipled and unbridled system of extortion. Their own exactions and those of a greedy train of dependents, whom the Hospodars were in the habit of bringing from Constantinople, almost exceed belief, and they are the more to be reprobated, since the labouring classes were the only victims. The landed proprietors paid nothing, and even shared the pillage, by holding various sinecure offices, which the

prince had thought it expedient to create, in order to strengthen and increase his own influence. The fatal effects of such a state of things were but too plainly traced in the poverty and misery of the people, and in the desolate appearance of extensive tracts of rich lands, lying waste and covered with brushwood. There were scarcely any symptoms of manufactures, commerce, or industry. Every where, except at Bukarest, Yassy, and Galatz, a dead and melancholy stillness prevailed. The nobles, who in general deserve no better title than that of effeminate barbarians, abandoning their estates, spent the whole of their time in the capital; seeming to have no other object in life, than to join in the scramble for places, and to indulge in listless indolence and gross sensuality. It is true, that since the Russian occupation, a little of their native rudeness had worn off: some foreign usages were introduced, and more attention paid to European languages; but with this superficial polish, the corruption of manners and morals had, if possible, rather increased than diminished.

One of the early leaders of the Greeks was Alexander Ipsilanti:—

'Accustomed to regular warfare, he naturally wished to introduce discipline and tactics into the army, as well as to arm it on the European model, but these intentions were defeated by the envy and intrigues of his lieutenants, Douka, Manos, Scouffa, and others; while the soldiers, composed of different nations, eager only for plunder, and strangers to all subordination, were no less intractable than their chiefs. There was but a single corps on which dependence could be placed: this was a battalion of young Greeks, educated in Europe, and, for the most part, students or merchants' clerks, who repaired to his standard from Russia and Germany. They were clothed alike in a regular uniform, and perfectly obedient. The zeal and patriotism of these young men induced the prince to confer on them the appellation of the SACRED BAND, a distinction which their subsequent heroism proved to have been most justly merited. With such indifferent troops, never exceeding nine thousand men, even after the junction of Vladimiresco; without possessing a single fortified place, unprovided with field artillery, and having but a very scanty supply of ammunition, he was charged with the defence of an extensive region, consisting of level plains, extremely favourable to the operations of the Ottoman cavalry.

'The Turks appeared in the field in the beginning of April; some trifling skirmishes of advanced posts were followed by the capture of Galatz, which the Pacha of Ibrail assailed with a body of land forces, and a flotilla of gun-boats. The Greek garrison, surprised and greatly inferior in number, made a brave but ineffectual resistance. A part was cut to pieces while the remainder were obliged to seek safety in flight. The Turks avenged the death of their countrymen who fell on the 4th of March, by completing the destruction of

the town, and putting all the inhabitants of the adjacent districts, whom they could seize, to the sword, without distinction of age or sex.—In the meantime, Kara Mehmed, Seraskier of Silistria, advanced on the northern bank of the Danube at the head of ten thousand men, and on the 10th entered Bukarest without firing a shot. Measures were immediately taken by the seraskiers, in concert with some officers of the Austrian consulate, for preserving order in the city; but the open country was exposed to every species of violence: the Turkish soldiery carrying their barbarity so far, as to hang up numbers of little children by the feet on the trees along the public roads, and impaling such of the Heterists as fell into their hands. What with treachery, and those divisions which unhappily prevailed in the Christian army, there were no hopes left of impeding these successes of the enemy.

'In addition to these terrific atrocities, several monasteries in which the inhabitants took refuge, were entered, and every soul butchered. Some notion may be formed of the scenes which marked the path of the Turks, when it is added, that in one monastery alone they destroyed three hundred women and children. Among these wretched victims was the wife of Major Rhoté, a Greek, formerly in the service of Russia, together with her seven children. The Jews are represented as having acted the part of spies to the infidels, and doing their utmost to discover the retreat of the Christian fugitives.'

'No sooner had the news of the rising in Moldavia reached Constantinople, than the invariable mode of quelling revolt in Turkey was resorted to:—that of massacring all those who bore any affinity to the revolted, either by the ties of consanguinity or religion. It has even been confidently stated, that the total extermination of the Greek people was now resolved on by the Divan, and the conduct of the soldiery fully justifies the assertion.

'While the Janissaries and those hordes which had been brought from Asia Minor to aid in carrying on the anticipated war against Russia, were occupied in cutting down the Greeks of every age and sex, in the capital; orders were sent to the provinces, enjoining the pachas and governors instantly to disarm all the Greek population. The mode in which these mandates were carried into execution will be best imagined by looking to the succeeding massacres at Salonica, Adrianople, Smyrna, Aivali, Rhodes, Cyprus, Candia, and indeed wherever any hopes of plunder were held out to the infidels. The countless horrors perpetrated at Constantinople, whether by the sword or drowning, formed a fit prelude to the decapitation of Prince Morousi, one of the most enlightened and benevolent men possessed by modern Greece, and the subsequent murders of the patriarch Gregory. Aggravated as this last-named act was, by every species of barbarity which the mind can conceive, those who are at all acquainted with the veneration in which the head of their church is held by the Greeks, will

cease to express the smallest surprise at the war of extermination which followed, while it is more than sufficient to account for those excesses, that have furnished such frequent weapons to the adversaries of the Greek cause.'

Mr. Blaquiere gives us a good topographical account of Greece, accompanied by an excellent map, and shows how much it is capable of defence against an invading army. We shall not follow our author through the various events of the war for Grecian liberty, but content ourselves with selecting a few of his most prominent passages. From the commencement of the war, the Greeks were decidedly superior at sea, and for a long time rode undisputed masters of the Ægean, keeping the Turkish ports and islands in a state of complete blockade. The Turks, at length roused, endeavoured to re-establish the maritime communication between Constantinople, Smyrna, and Egypt:—

'In order to effect this purpose, two line-of-battle ships, and several smaller vessels, quitted the Hellespont towards the end of May, and proceeded as far as the island of Lesbos. The Greek squadron fell in with one of the two deckers, a seventy-four gun ship, which had separated from the others off the southern coast of the island. The following are a few particulars of the action, as related by Tombasi, the Hydriot admiral. Instead of keeping the open sea, and making use of his formidable artillery, the Turkish captain only thought of flight, but, being unable to escape without fighting, he anchored his ship at the entrance of the Gulf of Adrametum. On this, the Greeks immediately prepared fire-ships to lay him on board: their first attempt failed, but the second completely succeeded. Two of these destructive masses being linked together, fell athwart the bows of the Ottoman, while the ignorant Mussulmen stood on deck with their muskets, to oppose what they imagined to be an attempt at boarding, deceived by several effigies the Greeks had dressed up in different parts of the fire-vessels. When once attacked, only a few minutes elapsed before the Turkish ship was enveloped in flames; the captain then cut his cables and allowed her to drift towards the shore, but, long before reaching it, she ran a-ground. The crew now endeavoured to save themselves by swimming; but the victorious islanders pursued in their boats, and such were the perils which the Turks had to encounter, that out of a complement of eight hundred men, scarcely a single individual was saved. As to the ship, she burned to the water's edge. On getting intelligence of this disaster, the rest of the infidel squadron fled with all possible speed to the Dardanelles.'

Mr. Blaquiere refutes the charges of cruelty made against the Greeks, at Trippolizza, and gives a frightful picture of Turkish atrocities at Scio, where forty thousand men, women, and children were massacred, or sent to slavery; but that the Greeks should neither have learned something of the character of the Turks, or be without

some feelings and oppression they have, no which disgrace quire, in sensible and European po seems to thin to occupy Wa does not ob nia and Serv should consid hostility to C proceeds:—

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some feelings of revenge for ages of insult and oppression, is not to be expected; and they have, no doubt, been guilty of outrages which disgrace civilized warfare. Mr. Blaquiere, in concluding his work, has some sensible and temperate observations on the European policy in respect to Greece; he seems to think that we might allow Russia to occupy Wallachia and Moldavia, and he does not object to Austria having Bosnia and Servia, but that beyond this we should consider every step as an act of open hostility to Great Britain. Mr. B. then proceeds:—

‘With respect to the part we have to act towards Greece and Turkey, it is at once the most difficult and enviable which ever fell to the lot of England; and one in which a minister might immortalize his name. Although there is at this period of the contest between the Christians and their infidel oppressors, no merit in perceiving that we are bound by every tie, human and divine, to espouse the cause of religion and humanity, yet is there a noble field open for mediation and council, environed as the Porte is by enemies who only seek its destruction; there is no power to which it can look for support but England; and the time may even arrive, when, rather than see it crushed by a third party, we should become its allies, as on former occasions. How important, therefore, it is, that we should prevent the prosecution of a contest, which, if continued another year or two, will utterly exhaust the power of Turkey, and place it at the mercy of the first comer? On the other hand, does not humanity and policy dictate, that a stop should be put to the effusion of human blood and protraction of human misery, which cannot be of any earthly use. It is notorious, that besides the loss of two thousand souls, Turkey has expended more money in prosecuting the war in Greece, than she ever did while engaged in hostility with Russia herself.

‘But I will not pursue a subject which must be so obvious to the most superficial reasoners, and in concluding these remarks, I have merely to express a hope that, without arrogating any undue influence over Greece, or showing that there is the smallest tincture of selfishness in our policy towards that country, our cabinet may know how to convince the people, that, if it be the interest of England to prevent the Porte from too sudden a dissolution, it is infinitely more important for her glory and interests, that a new and powerful state should be established in the east of Europe.’

Without entering into political discussions, we confess we see greater difficulties than Mr. Blaquiere seems to imagine in settling the affairs of the east; but if ever there was an administration more likely than another to do it on a principle of equity and liberality, it is the present one. To Mr. Blaquiere Greece is much indebted for his exertions in her behalf, and the British public will thank him for the very clear and impartial account he has given of one of the most interesting revolutions that has occurred in the history of the world.

The Economy of the Eyes: Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight, &c. &c. &c. By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M. D. 12mo. pp. 246. London, 1824.

DR. KITCHINER is certainly one of the most extraordinary men this age or country has produced; for he writes on all subjects, and is gay, cheerful, amusing, and instructive in all.—If he gives us a receipt for dressing a rump steak, he seasons it with so much humour, that it gives it an additional zest—to read his *Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life*, is of itself to effect those objects—while his facetious *Essay on the Pleasure of Making a Will* would drive the blue devils from Megrim himself. Then he teaches us to “cantate,” as Dominie Sampson has it, edites our national songs, and is forming a collection of the sea songs of the inimitable Charles Dibdin; and last, not least, he gives us a volume on the *Economy of the Eyes*, which, however, includes a thousand other subjects too ‘numerousto mention;’ though it would be manifest injustice to the author, did we not mention one or two articles in the work. In addition to all that can be said about eyes, spectacles, opera-glasses, the pole-star, and the double ring of Saturn, he gives us the music of ‘Beef and Cabbage,’ followed by ‘Good Sense and Good Senses,’ the dimensions and capacity of all the theatres, directions for singing God save the King, a preface to be read after the book, &c. &c. &c.

To follow such an author might seem like pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, did not the comparison fail in that the learned doctor, unlike the will o’ the wisp, never misleads those ‘who put their trust in him.’ The doctor begins quite methodically: he quotes Martinus Scriblerus on the Dunciad, as an authority that ‘the exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination, is laid to be punctually at forty.’—And he asserts that, most unluckily, at this very period, when the judgment is ripened ‘without spectacles, all the other working tools of most artists would be almost useless.’ Then, presuming ‘that the majority of the purchasers of this work (the *Economy of the Eyes*), cannot see till they have learned how by the instructions herein given,’ the doctor expresses a pious hope, that by a little attention to the following pages, all who can hear may be enabled to procure precisely such glasses as are most proper for them.

Now, although we have no objection to glasses of a certain description, nor to spectacles at a theatre, yet we confess we have no wish to saddle either our nose or our pocket with a pair of spectacles; and if, therefore, we do not analyse chapter by chapter, and page by page, the worthy author’s book, it is from no doubt as to the importance of the subject, or the able manner in which it is treated. In one thing, however, we must blame the

doctor: for if we are contented to ‘dance the hays’ with him in any one of his publications, we do not like to have to refer to the whole of them for elucidating any subject which ought to be complete in itself. Why, in the name of the committee of taste, are we referred to the *Cook’s Oracle* and *Peptic Precepts*, in an article on spectacles, or what has a city feast or calipash and calipee to do with the visual organs? or why, when he is puffing off the goods of a lamp-maker in the Strand, does he drag in his *Art of Invigorating Life*, with the name of the respectable publishers and their residence, to boot? But it is high time we should allow the doctor to speak for himself, and we shall therefore quote an entire chapter (notes excepted), entitled *Precepts for Improving and Preserving the Sight*:—

‘The sensibility of the organ of sight is in proportion to the expansion of the pupil of the eye whose mean diameter is commonly calculated at about one tenth of an inch—but varies in magnitude, from one to at least two tenths, according to the brightness of the object which is presented to it.—See Dr. Herschell’s paper in the appendix.

‘When the light is too strong, or the object too bright, the pupil closes in order to intercept that excess of light which would otherwise offend the eye:—when the light is faint, the pupil expands that a greater quantity of it may enter the eye, and thus makes a stronger impression upon it.

‘This contraction and dilation of the pupil, you may easily discern by holding a looking-glass before your eye at a window and turning gradually round from the window, continually looking at your eye in the looking-glass—the lowest small speculum of a Gregorian telescope, as it magnifies a little, will show you this still plainer:—and it may be easily and perfectly observed by attentively watching the eye of another, during such a change of position: it is most visible in a fine full bright blue eye.

‘The fact that the sensibility of the sight is in proportion to the diameter of the pupil, is strongly illustrated by the following circumstance.—“What can be the reason,” a very intelligent and accurately observing artist said to me, who was sitting by the side of his window, “that when I look at that portrait opposite to me, it looks warm with my left eye, and cold with my right; i. e. with my left eye, which is from the window, it appears considerably brighter, than it does when I look at it with my right eye?”

‘I gave him a “*Circumspector*,” and desired him to attentively examine the size of the pupil of each eye while his head remained in exactly the same position—and tell me in which eye the pupil was largest: his answer was, “Why, in the left certainly,” i. e. in the eye least exposed to the light.

‘Mr. Butt, of Bath, informed me that he saw the five first discovered *Satellites* of

Saturn in an achromatic telescope of forty-four inches' focus, and two inches and three quarters' aperture—by placing a patch before that part of the field of the telescope where *Saturn* appeared—and thereby enabling the pupil to expand, and the eye to adjust itself for discerning the fainter objects, the satellites.

'In observing *double stars*, the very minute star which accompanies some large stars (for instance, the small star near *Alpha Lyra*) is visible when the large star is out of the field, with a telescope with which it is not discernible while the larger star is stimulating and shutting up the pupil.

'These very striking facts sufficiently establish the position laid down in the commencement of this chapter—that, "*ceteris paribus*" the impressions on the RETINA are vivid, in proportion to the expansion of the pupil.

'These observations led me to consider how beneficial it would be to the eyes of painters, engravers, and those artists whose eyes are irritable from great exercise, if they could be so shaded, that the pupil might be secured from being interrupted in its adjustment. For which purpose I recommend a shade made of black silk stiffened with wire, and fixed on a spectacle frame something like the contrivance of tubes which are made for viewing pictures: such assistance to the sight—is surely quite as advantageous to the artist to paint with, as it is to the amateur to examine his picture with.

'The eye cannot adjust itself perfectly, while it is exposed to the stimulus of surrounding objects—a defence from the intrusion of collateral rays will prevent the picture on the retina being confused by those adventitious rays which otherwise distract it; and if only those rays are admitted into the eye which come direct from the object under examination, it will make a much more vivid impression on the sight, which will be sharpened and strengthened very much.

'This is worthy the attention of all who wish their eyes to enjoy the utmost sensibility that they are capable of being excited to—because,

'The action of the eye is perfect in the proportion that its adjustment is perfect—and when all its attention is concentrated on one object, the sensibility of the sight is much increased; moreover, you will not only see better, but, vision being rendered easier, your eyes may be employed longer, with comparatively less fatigue.

'The pupil of the eye is larger when shaded by a *broad-brimmed hat*—such as coachmen wear, who probably adopted this costume from its advantage in sharpening their sight.

'There is no part of the economy of the eyes more important, than that the object they are at work upon should be placed at exactly that distance from them at which they see with the greatest ease:—this may be easily accomplished by the assistance of a DOUBLE RISING DESK: and hard stu-

dents will do wisely to have a high desk at which they can occasionally stand—instead of always sitting.

'Those who are much occupied in engraving, painting, writing, reading, &c. or works which require all the power of the eye to be exerted to the utmost—should be careful not to offend it by *too much light*, which is quite as prejudicial as *too little light*.

'Light enough to illuminate the object, and to make it easily and perfectly visible, is all that is wanted:—on this occasion, the old proverb, "enough is as good as a feast," is quite true,—more is not only unnecessary, but injurious, and will not only over-stimulate the eye, and force the pupil to shut itself up, but, if continually so irritated, the eye will soon become as much impaired by such overstimulation, as the stomach is by dram-drinking.

'I have observed in my visits to a numerous attended reading-room, that the seats next the windows were generally filled by persons wearing spectacles, who had no doubt accelerated the necessity for so doing by a habit of over-stimulating their eyes with superabundant light.

'The proper way of defending the eyes from too much light, is by preventing all that is superfluous from entering the room, by means of blinds or shutters; thus, you may admit only just such a degree of light as you find most agreeable to your eyes.

'All artists choose a room lighted only from one aperture—and if possible with the steady north aspect; that is the best place in the room, indeed the only proper place for study for those who have any regard for their eyes, where the light falls on their work or book—coming from the side or from behind.

'It is requisite always to have an equal well-regulated light in every employment, particularly in the evening; the eye may be seriously strained and injured by working, writing, or reading with either too much or too little light: for want of a due attention to preserve the visual organ, and from using the eyes very much during the busy part of life, a morbid sensibility is brought on, an unnatural weight of the eye-lids, a great deficiency of distinctness, and occasionally a distressing, undulatory, quivering appearance of refrangible colours on either side. To remedy this, washing the eyes with clear cold water, and keeping them from the light for an hour, or taking a nap, will be found most efficacious."—S. PIERCE.

'If your eyes are much employed in reading, &c. and are extremely irritable, you may have your window glazed with green glass,—or a blind of it to put up occasionally—or a rolling blind of green silk or muslin—or have a plate of green glass fixed in a frame, which may be placed so that the light may pass through it to your book or work. But do without all these if possible; for if they alleviate the irritation while you use them, they will render the eyes more morbidly irritable after.

'AT NIGHT—use a reading candlestick or lamp, with a shade to shield the eye from the glare of the light; which is of much greater assistance to the sight than those who have not tried it can imagine: one candle so shaded will enable a person to see better than two without such a shade, and with such a *Cumumbru Lamp* you may see, I think, almost quite as well as by day-light,—the sensibility of the eye is preserved in such perfection.

'The optic pupil inevitably adjusts itself to the brightest object, which therefore should be that which it is its business to attend to,—not the flame of a candle, but the book you are reading.

'Green, or any coloured glasses, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any bright glare, which cannot be otherwise moderated.

'Light reflected from any white surface is very piquant and injurious to the sight, whether proceeding from water, snow, &c.

'Goggles—or black cups, glassed with plain glasses, and mounted in double-jointed frames formed to the shape of the face—are preferable to those which are fixed in leather and silk, and tied on with riband; the latter come so close to the face that they soon become a vapour-bath for the eye; but the former are occasionally found very serviceable to travellers to protect their eyes from wind and dust, and to shield them from a strong reflected light; blue or green glass may be fixed in them, but it must be of a very light colour.

'Some more nice than wise folks, among other ridiculous refinements, have recommended thin *green gauze* or *crape*, instead of green glass—under the pretence, that while it moderates the light, that it still admits the air, and is, therefore, cooler to the eyes.

'All coloured glasses increase the labour of the eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for all the ordinary purposes of life;—there is scarcely an external or internal sense, but may be brought, by extreme indulgence, to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, as to render those organs which nature intended as sources of gratification, the frequent sources of disappointment and pain.

'The most proper material for spectacle glasses is that which shows objects the nearest to their natural colour.

'Lastly—Whatever glasses you use, take care to "*keep them perfectly clean*:" this is as important as the choice of the figure or the colour of them.

'Every time you wipe your spectacles you scratch them a little, and "many a little makes a mickle;" therefore, when you have done using them, put them away carefully in their case, to prevent other people abusing them—as a naughty boy did his grandpa's spectacles—who took the glasses out—and when the old gentleman put them on, finding that he could

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not see, exclaimed, "marcy me, I've lost my sight!"—but thinking the impediment to vision might be the dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them, when, not feeling them, he, still more frightened, cried out, "Why what's come now, why I've lost my feeling too!"

Dr. Kitchiner is a great humourist, and as liberal of his jokes as his advice; it would be therefore cruel not to notice his talent in this line. He tells us that when spectacles are worn so near the eye as to be touched by the eye-lashes, they draw moisture from them, and that—

'The quantity of TEARS spread over the globe of each eye in the space of twenty-four hours, amount to *two ounces* and upwards; i. e. a common sized wine-glass full.—People who make use of spectacles have opportunities of observing, that the evaporation of tears tarnishes very much the circles which surround the glasses.—Dr. P. Degrauers, *on the eye and ear*, 8vo. 1800, p. 116. Surely the subject on which the doctor made this experiment must have been, "like *Niobe*, all tears."

The worthy doctor, in noticing the theatres, attributes the real or imaginary superiority of Garrick over the actors of the present day, to the stage being at a considerable less distance from the audience, and there is some truth in the remark; he then rambles out into an account of the expense of building the London theatres—then to the number of persons the theatre is capable of holding; this brings him to the royal visit—and the royal visit to the manner in which our national anthem ought to be sung—for which we are referred to another work by the learned author, the title of which, with the name of the publishers, is again given great length.

As we have been led to notice the erratic disposition of the doctor, we ought to acknowledge that we attribute it rather to eccentricity than to selfishness, though certainly the continual references to his own works seems to savour either of the latter disposition or vanity. He is, however, a very amusing writer, and there are many valuable hints in his 'Economy of the Eyes.'

The Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland; or, an Inquiry into the State of the Public Journals, chiefly as regards their Moral and Political Influence. 12mo. pp. 219. London, 1824.

WE perfectly agree with the author of this rather clever little volume, that the periodical press of Great Britain 'is the most powerful moral machine in the world, and exercises a greater influence over the manners and opinions of civilized society than the united eloquence of the bar, the senate, and the pulpit.' We cannot, however, allow that 'the press may be said to be in its infancy,' or that 'those advantages which it is capable of conferring on the human race appear to be designed principally for future generations.' Junius,

no mean authority, and whose influence, by means of the periodical press, was greater than that of any individual, before or since, was sensible of its importance, and declared that 'the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman;' and we might appeal to the history of the last forty years, to show how much influence the periodical press has had, not only on public opinion, but on public measures.

That the press has to maintain an unequal warfare with the governments of Europe, we will readily admit, but that it will ultimately triumph over every restraint is certain; and it has always appeared to us, that if governments made use of this powerful engine, instead of despising or fearing it, they would possess the best means of counteracting any undue direction the exercise of it might take. The author of the volume before us displays much good sense in his general reasoning on the press, and some acquaintance with it individually, though neither his statements nor his inferences are all correct. In the following observations, however, we perfectly coincide:—

'It is unnecessary to eulogise the benefits which free discussion, on every subject, has invariably produced amongst mankind. Wherever it has been tolerated, the intellectual improvement of society has advanced equally with national prosperity. Man has become a freer, a more industrious, a more rational, and a more happy animal. His comforts have become more abundant and less savage, as his knowledge has extended. In proportion as the curb has been removed from his tongue, and the expansion of his mental faculties encouraged, in the same ratio has he become more useful to himself, and more beneficial to his fellow-creatures. The most free, prosperous, and enlightened, as well as the most enslaved, wretched, and benighted nations of the earth, are living proofs of the fact. Is there a people more enslaved than the people of Russia—and where is there an instance of so extensive an empire so deeply and darkly veiled in ignorance? Where do we find more wretchedness and more disaffection than in the Italian states,—but where is public opinion more shackled? Are not the Spaniards sunk in the most abject misery, in the most profound ignorance, and in the most debasing superstition,—but how long have they been interdicted from the light of literature, from the blessings of free discussion and toleration? In short, go where we will, we find mankind prosperous in proportion as they are enlightened. As the press has flourished, so have the people—as it has been cramped, so have been their energies—and where inquiry has been confined to the abstruse sciences, or what more properly belongs to the *few* than to the *many*, national amelioration, like Sterne's bucket in the well, has not only been suspended, but this limitation to mental researches has even thwarted the beneficial operation of such studies upon the community at large.'

The author is a great advocate for the freedom of the press as the best antidote to its own licentiousness, and he wishes the duty on newspapers to be repealed; he condemns also, in firm but temperate language, the conduct of the 'Constitutional Association,' as the Bridge Street band of worthies call themselves, when they usurped the prerogatives of the king's-attorney-general, and became the self-constituted assessors of public morals and politics.

Our author enters into a very elaborate argument in favour of reducing the price of newspapers, and fixes the tax on each at one penny, and the duty on every advertisement at one shilling; but would not a graduated duty, proportioned to the length of the advertisement, be a more equal tax? for unless such is the case, the poor maid of all work pays as much duty to government for her two line advertisement, as Mr. Maberly does for his horse bazar list, which fills a couple of columns;* the candidate at an election pays no more in duty for his long address of 'wishes, hopes, and promises,' than the poor widow or orphan does in appealing to public charity.

The author goes at some length into the state of Ireland; but there is nothing either very novel or very cogent in his remarks; nor is this to be wondered at, for, we believe, the wisest statesman would not know how to govern the emerald isle.

The London press is the next subject which comes under discussion, and the author does justice to its superiority in point of literary talent and mechanical execution, which, he says, are an honour to the British empire. In a note we have a sort of historical notice of English newspapers, which is very imperfect, and in many respects erroneous. He says that the first number of the 'English Mercury,' the earliest of our newspapers, which was printed in 1588, is in the British Museum, but this is not the case; the only three numbers of this journal known to exist, are numbers 50, 51, and 54, which are really preserved in the Museum. The *Acta Diurna* of Rome were, however, the model, we doubt not, of our newspapers, and contained a list of occurrences in a similar manner. The observations on the London newspapers have an evident bias in favour of those on the ministerial side, but they are tolerably temperate, though not always correct. His character of Mr. Cobbett contains much truth, though we do not agree with him altogether,—that this powerful but unstable writer has had his day. He still wields a pen with great force, and is ready to grapple with the stoutest of his opponents.

* Some years ago a proposition of this kind was made to Mr. Vansittart, then chancellor of the Exchequer, who, if we mistake not, mentioned it in Parliament, as a part of his new financial projects; but this gentleman, whose indecision was proverbial, relinquished the project on the representation of the proprietors of country newspapers, who derive their chief support from their advertisements. So, at least, we have been informed.—REV.

'In attending to the younger sons of the press, we had nearly forgotten the old father of invective, Mr. William Cobbett. This nondescript in literature has had his day; his star is set, his artillery are spiked; and after proving himself one of the cleverest declaimers in England, one of the most effective corporals that ever led a forlorn hope to the cannon's mouth, or a ragged mob to the doors of a granary, he lives at Kensington, a fallen *brutum fulmen* of the press!

'William Cobbett is one of those *outré* animals that cannot be described. As a writer, his essays, sermons, and speeches, his dissertations upon English grammar and straw-plat, his speculations upon currency and Swedish turnips, set criticism at defiance, and completely bewilder the reader with the versatility of his genius,—or, we should rather say, with the intermixed display of sound sense and insanity with which all his productions abound. There was a time when this extraordinary man was, amongst the lower classes of society, the most popular writer in England. He spoke their sentiments, and in some measure formed them to his own taste and their entire satisfaction. His happy dexterity at illustration,—at reducing the most abstruse subject to the capacity of the most illiterate reader,—the bluntness and coarseness of his language, combined with its force and its perspicuity,—made him, with the multitude, the oracle of the day. His "Register," the vehicle of his opinions,—or rather, the opinions which he found it convenient to support,—found its way into every news-room of the empire. The tradesman and mechanic devoured his predictions with avidity, as if they had been inspired; and, however dependent was their situation at the time, or however liable they were to become poorer in their circumstances by any revolution or general bankruptcy, they seemed to enjoy him the better, the more firmly and confidently he dilated upon the "unavoidable and impending" ruin of the nation. He did more than any individual in modern times ever did, to alienate the affections of the uninformed portion of the community from their natural guardians. He cherished the spirit which the French revolution had engendered; and he fanned, almost into a general flame, every accidental spark of dissatisfaction which the periodical embarrassments of our merchants, during the late war, were the means of lighting up in the manufacturing districts. For this he was the object of prosecution by the government. His attacks were often beyond all fair discussion, and of a tendency which no minister, however liberal, could pass unpunished. It is rather extraordinary, however, that this Leviathan in politics was never encountered with his own weapons; and that, while so many condemned his conduct and abhorred his sentiments, no one was found qualified to meet him in his own manner, among his own readers. All shrunk from the task. Some of his contemporaries occasionally noticed him; laughed, perhaps, at his blunders, or

his thousand other follies; but no one was rash enough to grapple with him, accoutred with the pitchfork and the smock-frock, as he was, and fight him a fair *stand-up*, in his own clodpole and jolterhead way. The government had to do this themselves, in *their* way; and at one time his Majesty's attorney-general chased him out of England. He took up his residence among the free-men and the slaves of the American states; and when the heat of the times had cooled, and his dislike to his transatlantic friends confirmed, he threw himself upon the mercy of Lord Sidmouth, then secretary of state for the home department, and returned to his native country.

'The whole life of Mr. Cobbett is intimately connected with the freedom of the press. Against him and one or two writers of a similar cast, were most of those laws, that now hang like so many mill-stones round the neck of the press, aimed. It might be said they were enacted to put him down; to drive him, and such as he, from the theatre of politics, and, by stamp-duties and penalties, be the means of extirpating those insidious and dangerous opinions, to counteract the tendency of which no specific could then be found. If these laws had succeeded in this object, less might be said against them, because little would our countrymen have suffered from the absence of such inflammatory materials: but as they have produced no such effect, and, as we have shown, can have no tendency to prevent their circulation among the most indigent of the community, their abrogation might be conceded now as a matter of state policy.'

In many of the details of conducting a newspaper, the author is by no means the most correctly informed; and if he infers that the leniency of several of the daily newspapers in their theatrical criticisms arises from personal favoritism, he wrongs them much; nor is this by any means the case, since we have seen not only severe but unfeeling attacks on public performers, and those females too. We do not allude to our contemporary, who condemned—and that most brutally,—poor Mrs. Glover, for the manner in which she stated she played a character in one of Shakespeare's plays, for her benefit, when no such performance took place; but we know other critics who *write daggers*, although they dare not use them. The work of reporting Parliamentary proceedings, considering the difficulty under which it is done, is, as our author observes, admirable:—

'It is a matter of regret, that what the laws of this country deny, is connived at by the high court of legislature, and by almost all the courts of the kingdom; and that what is an offence by statute and by precedent is notoriously winked at and permitted, by virtue of some paltry evasion. The manner of reporting the speeches in Parliament illustrates this point exactly. The privileges of the House of Commons forbid all liberties with the speeches therein delivered. Any attempt to publish them—or rather, the act of publishing them—without

the consent of the member or members who spoke them, is a trespass punishable by imprisonment, and the concomitant expense of an arrest by the serjeant-at-arms. And yet a pitiful subterfuge uniformly sets at defiance the consequences of a Parliamentary trespass. The house recognises no such animal as a reporter. An individual asking permission to take notes would be turned out of the passage as a confirmed simpleton, or an impertinent intruder. And yet, for all this, not a word is said that is not reported and published, ere a few hours after it is uttered. There is not a table, or desk, or board, to write upon, in the gallery of the House of Commons. There are seats, to be sure; but, as if *too* much accommodation for the public would demonstrate a prodigal expenditure of the public money, our statesmen have taken care that what the one house is indulged with shall serve for the other; and that, if people *will sit* in the lower house, the alternative is, they *must stand* in the upper one. Besides the want of a desk or board to write upon, or lean upon, in the gallery aforesaid, there is not even so much day or candle-light in it as in the one-shilling gallery of Drury Lane Theatre. It is so placed, that it appears to have been the intention of the architect who contrived it to prevent strangers not only from *seeing* what takes place, but actually from *hearing* the debates.'

'And yet it is in this small, dark, mat-covered, and inconvenient corner, called the Gallery of the British House of Commons, where the caterers of the newspaper press *steal* the speeches of our modern Ciceros. The mode in which this is accomplished is as follows:—The backmost seat in the gallery is occupied by these persons, about ten or twelve of them in all. The desks they employ are of nature's workmanship—the palms of their hands, or the superior ligaments of their knee-joints. They more frequently use the pencil than pen and ink, although some of them use the latter; and the usual mode of writing is more common than stenography. During the debate each reporter generally sits his hour; when he retires to extend his hasty notes for the printer, his place being instantly filled by his successor in waiting. By this process, the longest debate in Parliament is often published before the expiration of four hours from the adjournment of the house. While the honourable members are asleep, dreaming of motions lost and won, the morning politicians of London are reading and discussing their last night's, or, perhaps, the same morning's, effusions: for the newspapers almost regularly give at six o'clock what was delivered and cheered and coughed upon at four in the morning.

'These reports must necessarily be imperfect. The sense is no doubt generally given; but, frequently, the whole force of the argument and much of the eloquence are lost. This arises partly from the situation of the reporter, from the lowness of the voice, and the peculiar manner of expression of some members, and from the changing of the tenses. It is a part of the

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evasion to speak in the third person singular, instead of the first. Consequently, the force and the antithesis, and the originality of the speech, are lost. From these cramping circumstances an apparent sameness of expression pervades the whole. For the same reason that a brilliant oration is spoiled, a dull one is improved. But this is not all:—as the rights of the reporter are arbitrary, his prepossessions are the stronger. He, like the pit critic of a theatre, has his friends and his favourites. He even affects to be unable to *bear* one speaker—of being unable to *comprehend* another—and of being (heaven help him!) so *sickened* as to be unable to listen to a third. These unfortunate objects of dislike to so mighty a personage as a reporter, never shine in above a dozen or twenty lines on the greatest occasion. On the other hand, the partiality is as strong in favour of other honourable members; so much so, that on the morrow, the favourite speaker is quite overwhelmed with obligation at finding himself dressed out in words and tropes and ingenious arguments, which he never used, nor could have used. Time after time he is polished, whether he will or no; and to the reading public, at a hundred miles from the capital, he is ranked a meteor, who, perhaps, only twinkles a dull star of the lowest magnitude.

The county newspapers do not pass unnoticed, and the author appears well acquainted with their general character; he concludes with returning to the repeal of the duty on newspapers, and of the six acts: that reducing the price of newspapers would augment their sale, and perhaps be equally productive to the revenue, we do not doubt, and the suggestion is worthy of attention.

The Wonders of Elora, &c. By CAPT. SEELY.
(Concluded from page 296.)

We have done with the Wonders of Elora, but not with Capt. Seely's work, which embraces some subjects beyond the very extraordinary excavations in mountains of granite, which he so well describes. We have already observed that the author gives many interesting particulars of the manners and customs of the people of India, with some observations of a moral and political nature, which are not undeserving of attention; and a few of these we shall detach:—

Mahomedan Cemeteries.—‘The Mahomedans are fond of an elevated spot. Generally cypress-trees and tanks are found close to the mausoleums; flowers are strewed over; and the graves are visited daily, with much affectionate feeling, by the relatives of the deceased. They never, as we do, bury their dead in the midst of towns, with the coffins stowed away like butter-casks in an Irish trading-sloop; neither are sheep allowed to fatten on the rank vegetation: nor are the bodies huddled into the grave, with a few hasty prayers read over, and no more thought of the business. The Mussulman, with respectful piety, visits the tomb of his ancestor, plants trees round

the grave, strews odoriferous flowers over the tomb, and daily visits the ground where lie the mortal remains of him or her to whom he owes his existence. There is something very grateful and pleasing in this unaffected duty and respect to the silent dead, particularly as nothing is to be gained by it; for it is *that* which actuates and propels the actions of ninety-nine men out of one hundred.

Dancing Girls.—‘The vocalists and dancers have the accompaniments of small noisy harsh drums, beaten with the fingers and a small hard stick: the drum is suspended from the neck, and rests in the vest of the player. They have a kind of guitar, played either with a bow or the fingers. To produce “soft sounds” in accordance with the step or whirl of the dancing girl, the musicians distort their countenances by the most hideous grimaces. The whole face and neck appear convulsed, the mouth wide open, and the player roaring out with might and main a symphony to his own music. Their violent motions evince exertion and the utmost enthusiasm in gesture, torturing, as it were, some dulcet sounds (as they think) from their rude and inharmonious instruments. These performers are nervously alive to their calling, and so desirous of improving the dancing and singing, that they get into a profuse sweat, and appear as if bewitched with the wish to please and the ravishing effects of their own noise, than which nothing can be more discordant or frightful, equally devoid of sweetness in the instrument and of taste in the performers. When you can prevail on the girls to sing without the execrable accompaniment of *tam-tams*, the guitar, and cymbals, it is a great treat. Their voices are often very mellifluous, their persons graceful, their countenances soft and expressive, their motions and attitudes classically elegant; but when these obstreperous sons of Orpheus step in, farewell to all harmony.

‘The girls sing strains on the old subject,—love and war; and in relating the delights of the former, do not fail to “suit the action to the word:” but they seldom overstep the “modesty of nature,” except urged on by imprudent and volatile young men. This is very reprehensible in the young and gay; but it is well known we cannot expect “hold heads on young shoulders.” Spenser sings,—

“How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!”

‘Round the ankles of the girls are placed rows of very small silver bells; these they move in cadence, quickly or not, according to the step or figure they are engaged in. There are generally three or four performers at a time, who alternately take a part in the dancing or singing, as one or other recedes or gets exhausted. The quick movements of the loins and hips, the whirling motions they take (in which our figure-dancers are mere novices), and both hands playing castanets, and flourishing them over the head, must be fatiguing.’

Captain Seely is no friend to the two modes adopted for improving India—a free

press and the conversion of the Hindoos or Mussulmans; the former, he says, is a hopeless undertaking, and the latter impracticable—at present, perhaps, ought to be added. Capt. Seely, however, is of opinion that we must act in India as Dr. Busby, of flogging memory, did in his school, when he made his royal visitor Charles II. put off his hat; not let the people believe that there is any person in the world equal to us.

‘I wish,’ says our author, ‘in the spirit of the best feelings towards India and Great Britain, with true and dispassionate motives to inquire what is the counteracting good promised by the said free press. Would the immense population of India become a jot happier, more enlightened, or more virtuous? I think not; but, on the contrary, would see much in our actions to disgust, to reprobate, and to inflame their minds. Ever meddling, ever improving, ever reforming, the philanthropy and good-nature of the English know no bounds. Charitable and humane to an excess, and devoutly attached to the liberty and the moral improvement of mankind, England keeps alive a spirit of freedom all over the world: and the good fortune, and often misfortune, of other nations may be traced to the example set by England. To her may the Turks and Ferdinand the Seventh attribute the jeopardy in which they are placed; and the perilous situation of the West Indies has its origin at home. South America would never have shaken off her allegiance had it not been for England. These, with the exception of the turbulent state of the West Indies, are glorious events: but let us be careful of our own possessions in the East Indies, if we value them; for there our good intentions are misdirected, and will only be productive of incalculable evil. England supplies most abundantly the people in all parts of the world liberty, Christianity, and loans. The first sets them in motion, the second regulates their motion, and the last preserves their motion. This is all admirable as far as it concerns others; but India is incapable of appreciating freedom or the blessings of Christianity. Our *present* system of government in India, contrasted with that of the native powers, is a *real* blessing.’

The captain elucidates these remarks by some apposite anecdotes, and friends as we are in the abstract to the freedom of the press, we much doubt that it is compatible with our present government in India. But from politics—no unnatural transition, certainly, and rarely so innocent as at present, to pyrotechny, in which the Hindoos surpass us:—

‘I shall merely observe, *en passant*, that the natives excel us in the manufacture of these articles, and in the mode of displaying them. I have seen representations at Baroda, at Arcot, and at Benares, of sieges, battles, and fleets engaging on real pieces of water, that were truly beautiful and astonishing: the blowing up of mines, explosion of magazines, tumbling down of walls and masts, and the sinking of ships, were superior to any thing of the kind I

ever saw in England, and upon a much larger scale of display than our best exhibitions are. Besides fire-works we had some skilful jugglers; but as their feats are known in England, I shall say nothing on the subject, further than that these men in different parts of India vary in their performances. One trick practised upon myself was new to me. A man gave me a small roll of cloth, about seven inches long, and told me to hold it in my hands; he then went off a little distance, returned, muttered some gibberish, looked at my hand to see if it was closed, gave it a squeeze, and told me to open it; when lo! in my hand was a small live snake: this I dropped with the same instinct that a child would a hot coal.

We have already alluded to Capt. Seely's belief as to the hopelessness of converting the Hindoos. He says:—

'The idea of a missionary haranguing a mob in a village or field to make proselytes, is about one of the worst modes of teaching or converting that possibly could be adopted. The natives will collect and listen: so would they to any stranger, on any other subject, for they possess great curiosity and good-nature. They will receive tracts or pamphlets with thanks: so they would any other printed paper, for they are polite and inquisitive. But is it to be inferred, from listening to the one or receiving the other, that they are an iota nearer to Christianity? They are great idlers, and would, for the sake of gossiping, of which they are immoderately fond, run after, visit, and listen to a missionary; but as to what they have heard, or what they may have received, it has as much effect upon their minds as the passing breeze. They are, as before observed, polite and decorous in their behaviour to strangers; they will make professions, for they are adepts at dissimulation, and perfect at flattery. I have seen a Hindoo most devoutly listen to a discourse, beg a tract, and, on his return to the village, leave it on the threshold of the door of the temple, and fall down with his forehead on the floor, and worship the image of that ugly fellow, Ganesa! On my expostulating once on this impropriety with a convert, he replied, "My father did the same, and he was more prosperous than I am. The hopes and promises held out to me by the Padree (clergyman) have not been fulfilled; and one of your Burra Sahibs (great men) has lately broken a commandment (alluding to a *crim. con.* just taken place, happily an event of rare occurrence in India); so why may not I! Besides which," he added, "Ganesa is offended with me; and I will both pray to Ganesa and listen to the Padree!"

'There is little or no honour in the few that have been converted. By far the greater part are of the very dregs of the people, who, having by some misdemeanor lost their rank in society, or been born in a degraded and abject state, become Christians, by which they fancy they are entitled to many good things; and they well know, that, in quitting their original caste, they cannot change for the worse—so they

"profess and call themselves:" but about the obligations of Christianity, and the duties imposed by it, they are as ignorant as the wild ass. I recollect once a Siphanee being flogged and drummed out of the corps for theft: one of his former companions, young in the service, and under a mistaken notion regarding corporeal punishment, observed to him, "You have now lost your caste." "Have I?" replied the other; "then I can always turn Christian." But even among the lower orders, considering our fifty millions of subjects, the vast sums expended, and the number of years of trial, the calculation will not afford fifties for millions, take the whole of Hindoostan into the estimate. A solitary exception may be found of an ambitious or eccentric native of rank, from vanity or a desire of popularity, becoming a proselyte, as in the case of Ram Mohun Raj; but who, after all his profession, has embraced the doctrine of Unitarianism. And how many there are who, after being converted, have relapsed into their former faith, the missionary papers do not mention; but, to my certain knowledge, it is of frequent occurrence.'

Capt. Seely recommends that moonsheds should be brought from India, to instruct and prepare missionaries, and that colleges should be established in various parts of India, for the purpose of training up native teachers, whose influence would be much greater than that of Europeans. Our author highly disapproves of the present missionary system, and considers the perfect conversion of the heathen as very remote, if at all practicable, and, if accomplished in danger of ousting us from the country.

Capt. Seeley vindicates the East India Company against the charge of not preventing the Hindoos from performing their sanguinary rites, and, after showing how much they have been mitigated, in abolishing infanticide, the sacrifice of children to the goddess Māhā Coli at Ganga Sangar, the punishing accused sorcerers with death; and in preventing, as far as possible, sick persons being taken to the banks of the Ganges, where they were either drowned by the sacred stream, or fell a prey to some tiger or alligator; and he adds, that, 'as far as the government can with prudence or safety interfere, they do,' and that 'neither the local authorities nor the government are remiss in the cause of humanity and religion.'

We have already drawn so largely from Capt. Seely's work that it is high time to close; we shall, therefore, only quote one of two anecdotes of the Bheels,—a horde or banditti our author considers as the aborigines of India:—

'Their haunts are in the wildest parts of India, where neither civilization nor the Brahminical creed have ever penetrated; and they hold both in great contempt. They are generally of short stature, sometimes with short curly hair, and a thickness of the lower lip; of very dark complexion, and more masculine in form than the Hindoos. Their habits are migratory; but wherever extensive forests or mountainous woody

tracts are formed, parties of Bheels reside, and only quit their strong holds for plunder, or to engage as auxiliaries in a foray, to devastate and destroy that which contending chiefs cannot themselves accomplish. A refinement in the vengeance of sanguinary warfare was always had recourse to in the employment of Bheels; and of late years likewise in those desultory vindictive inroads of petty chiefs, the Bheel became a willing and useful ally, and the work of destruction was incomplete without his demoniacal aid, in poisoning the wells, burning the villages, murdering the inhabitants, destroying the crops, and driving off the cattle. Fifty Bheels could be more useful than five hundred troops, approaching by paths through the deep forests known only to themselves. Their appearance was as sudden as unexpected, and the visit fatal to the devoted spot. To find treasure, the most horrid and refined cruelties were practised, the like of which we have not in history. Their retreats were unknown; the jungle and mountains were impenetrable to all but themselves; and woe to the individual who opposed a Bheel or was marked out by them for vengeance. A journey of three hundred miles would be a mere walk to a Bheel. Wily, hardy, and bold, no danger could arrest his progress, and no security protect his victim, though years might elapse of unavailing pursuit; and if the Bheel did not succeed, at last he would destroy himself.

'An officer, a Captain B—d, had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel, while labouring in his vocation, been marked. In consequence of this he had a sentry to his house; but from the neighbouring bank of the river they had worked a subterraneous passage, for a considerable distance, large enough for one man to crawl along, and had begun to perforate the floor of his bedchamber when he was discovered. We had at the city where this took place nearly two thousand troops, yet it was necessary, for the officer's safety, to remove him to Bombay. A Parsee messman, who had refused to pay the usual tribute to the Bheels, was found dead in the morning in the mess-room. It was his custom to put his mat on a large wine chest, where he slept: in the morning he was found with his head placed on the mess-table, the headless body lying on the chest. In neither of the above instances was plunder their object, but the choute (tribute), which they considered to be their unquestionable right, by established and immemorial custom, had not been paid. At the mess-room there were two sentries stationed, whom they had eluded, a matter of no difficulty to a Bheel on a dark night.'

Little need be added in praise of Capt. ly's narrative, for although he is not a professed author, and there is some want of system in the arrangement of his materials, yet he is one of the most intelligent writers on India, and his volume contains more novel, varied, and interesting information than any work that has come before us.

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sions of the engraving given in our last; but, independent of the disadvantage of working a copper-plate on a printed sheet, the number we circulate is too great for one plate, and thus, what was at first an admirable engraving towards the end of our impression was comparatively spoiled.

Twenty-four Exercises for Two Flutes, comprising several of the most Favourite Scotch Airs. Partly Composed and wholly Arranged by ALEXANDER HOWSHIP, Professor of the Flute.

We candidly acknowledge we have not a flute player on our establishment, but, feeling the necessity of having one, we shall immediately engage both Drouet and Nicholson, and thus be enabled to decide on all works of this description, much more correctly than, we confess, we can do at present.—We have, however, an embryo Drouet for an acquaintance, who has studied Mr. Howship's Exercises, and rehearsed them before us this evening, and we confess that to us they seemed delightful. If any of our readers doubt the correctness of our judgment, let them purchase the work.

The Vis-a-vis Duet.

THE Vis-a-vis Duet is arranged for two flutes or violins, in which the two performers, viewing the music from opposite directions, find their respective parts immediately before them, the first and second being formed by the same notes.

ORIGINAL.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

HIS BOW TO THE PUBLIC:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Asmodeus, possess, in my own proper person the privilege which dramatists alone have hitherto been allowed to assume—that of setting at defiance all the rules and restrictions of time and place; and that I alone am ubiquity personified. To recount all my qualifications would be to write an article as long as one of Mr. Hume's speeches, or a disposable constitution by Mr. Jeremy Bentham, or a petition for parliamentary reform from Major Cartwright;—but, as brevity is the soul of wit, I shall make it my guide—determined never to be long dull on any one subject. Justice to myself, however, renders it necessary that I should enumerate a few of those singular attributes which belong exclusively to myself. Know then, gentle reader, that I was some time ago, at a certain day and hour which shall be nameless, assisting, as the French have it, at a suttee in India—sawing the ice for Captain Parry in the Arctic regions,—shaving a Johnny Newcome on crossing the Line—laughing at an ex-sheriff's exhibition

at Bow Street,—waiting for three hours at a sugar plantation in Jamaica without hearing the crack of a whip—drilling a corps in one of the Emperor Alexander's military colonies—attending the negotiation for a loan with Mr. Rothschild—holding a petticoat for the king of Spain to embroider—measuring the length of Carl John of Sweden's nose—drinking tea-punch with his Majesty of Britain—manufacturing wooden nutmegs with the Yankees, and artificial capons with the Chinese—listening to the Rev. Mr. Irving's arguments—smoking a cigar with Lord Byron in Greece—and having a set-to with Langan and Tom Crib, at the Fives Court. Now, that any one, 'be he a spirit of health or goblin damned,' possessing talents like these, should 'waste his sweetness on the desert air,' would be a manifest injustice to himself, and an actual fraud on the public: this, however, shall not be my case; and I am therefore determined to give my rambles to the world; but although my ubiquity embraces the 'great globe itself, yea all that it inherit,' yet, from some strong predilection for a town life, I shall much oftener be in London than any where else.—May is a busy month in town, and I have so many engagements to anniversary dinners, and other meetings public and private, that I shall certainly confine myself to the metropolis until the 'glorious first of June,' as the day used to be called, until, thanks to our Nelsons and Wellingtons, we had so many glorious days, that even victory became monotonous, and we almost thanked the Americans when, with a superiority in tonnage, men, and guns, they relieved us of a frigate or two, were it only for the sake of variety.

But I fancy I hear my readers calling out 'stop, Mr. Asmodeus,' with as much earnestness as poor Mrs. Gilpin did, when she, 'from the balcony spied her husband posting far away' through Edmonton; and I really think, as Cornet Carmine, in Mr. Croly's new comedy says, that I have been 'miscellaneous' enough, and that I ought now to proceed to business.

Never did the maiden brief of a barrister, the first sermon of a young divine, the *debut* of an actor, or the first love-letter of a young girl, give more uneasiness or embarrassment to the individual, than my first ramble did to me. All the subjects I proposed were, like Falstaff's definition of an otter, 'neither fish nor flesh,' and I did not know where to have them. I

attended the Opera in the Haymarket, and the beggar's opera in St. Giles, and in both saw men and women play many parts; I went to church and chapel, and actually got up at four o'clock, in order to breakfast at the London Tavern with the Sunday School Union; I visited the Swiss giantess and the Sicilian dwarf several times, though my views were strictly honourable in both instances, and I have not, like a contemporary editor, to complain that either of them jilted me; I was at the marriage of Mr. George Dyer, the amiable and venerable bachelor of seventy-three, who hath taken unto himself a wife: in fact, I attended at church and market, and, after all despaired of materials wherewith to commence my rambles with due importance. At length, a friend took me to the anniversary meeting of the Bible Society—a society that collects nearly £100,000 a year, and sells Bibles dearer than they can be bought at any book-stall;—and there I certainly met with some novelty, that of a British peer publicly renouncing 'the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.' I therefore congratulate the religious world on the valuable accession it gets in the person of the Earl of Roden—and still more so that his conversion took place at an Irish meeting—a miracle which beats any of those of Prince Hohenlohe. A few days afterwards, I went to another public meeting of a religious institution, and found an English nobleman treading in the steps of he of Roden; his name, I think, they call Rocksavage, on account I suppose of one of his maternal ancetors having been wet-nurse to Orson or Peter the Wild Boy.

Last Saturday I went to the spring anniversary dinner of the Scots Hospital, as much tempted, I confess, by the good wine and choice viands of mine host at the Freemason's Tavern, as any thing; and there I saw, not the Duke of Clarence or Sir Peter Laurie, but what to me was a much greater treat—I saw the author of the 'inimitable Annals of the Parish,' as Lord Binning, the chairman, called the work, on proposing the health of a Mr. Galt, who, by the bye, is a huge man, with a person as gigantic as his intellect. I saw, also, Mr. Stewart Nicholson—he whose pride was so mortified at the Caledonian ball, when Noble or Oscar Byrne, or some other professed dancer, dressed in the 'garb of old Gaul,' out-shone him in the Highland fling.

On Monday I went to Drury Lane

Theatre, to renew my acquaintance with Kean's Richard the Third; seven o'clock came and the curtain did not rise; the geese—I mean the gods—hissed; the orchestra struck up, and as the clamour increased, poured forth—

'A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.'

At length, after half an hour of tumultuous clamour, Mr. Bunn, the stage-manager, came forward to confirm the old adage, that you may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?—in other words, that Mr. Kean could not perform at Old Drury, because he was at that moment ill at Derby; but that Mr. Macready would supply his place. The gods were then appeased, and good humour restored. That an audience with an appetite so *Kean* should be satisfied with a Bunn, appeared to me a miracle, but so it was; there is certainly something singular in this, if philosophy could find it out.

I have been twice caught this week. Attracted by a large posting-bill which had something about port and the London Tavern, I naturally concluded there was something to be done in honour of Bacchus, but when I got there, I found a few grave gentlemen in black, and a lot of tobacco-eating sailors, with Lord Gambier seated in a high chair. This is the nobleman who was singing the old hundredth psalm, when Cochrane was making signals for assistance. I found that I had got into the meeting of the Port of London Society, as an association fomed for attacking Satan by sea is called. For this purpose a floating battery has been constructed, and whenever the followers of the wicked one congregate in large numbers, whether at Wapping, Woolwich, or Whitehaven, it is immediately moved to the spot, the decks are cleared for action, and a broadside of conventicle wrath is at once poured forth, which is followed by the grape-shot of religious tracts. A gentleman read what he called a *report*, and not improperly, I confess, from the noise he made; but I could not maintain my gravity when I heard one sailor exclaim 'there's a palaver, Jack,' and another call some of the statements 'long yarns.'

But my disappointment at the Port of London Society, was nothing to the mortification I encountered at the Literary Fund Dinner on Wednesday. Relying on the assurance of the editor of *The Literary Chronicle*, that the Duke of Somerset would not preside, nor Mr. Fitzgerald inflict his annual quantum of bad verse, I bought a ticket, bled me to

Great Queen Street, and with pleasure saw in the chair the Marquis of Lansdowne. Dinner and a bottle of wine discussed, to my great terror the chairman announced that an English baronet would deliver an ode 'of his own composing;' and up sprung Sir William Asbburnham, and delivered a very long address, which I suppose was intended for poetry. It embraced almost every subject, and noticed Erin as supremely blessed, at which the author of the *Memoirs of Capt. Rock* (who was present) smiled; and concluded with the following beautiful couplet:

'Let our glad voices make this roof to ring,
With a just tribute to a patriot king.'

Scarcely had the worthy baronet seated himself, when up rises W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. of ode-spinning memory, and with great vehemence pours forth some seventy or eighty lines of an old ode, which was so absurd as to provoke the satire of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*; but so obstinate was Mr. F. that he actually gave the memorable line which those wits so happily ridiculed—'The tree of Freedom is the British oak.' I could bear no more, but rushed out of the room as if the house had been on fire, and hastened home, where, after refreshing myself with a bumper of brandy and water, I sat down to write the first part of the *Rambles of* ASMODEUS.

ENIGMAS IN PROSE.

No. VII.

ELUCIDATION OF ENIGMA VI.

FROM the account which I so candidly gave of myself, I fear that I may have deterred many of my best friends from seeking any farther acquaintance with me; for they will doubtless have supposed that I must be a very disreputable character, or that I should not, as I have stated, cause so much disgrace and injury to those who are so unfortunate as to take me for their companion; and will imagine that I am some monstrous vice. In order, therefore, to remove all doubt, and that I may not be held either better or worse than I really am, I will disclose my name at once,—Modesty. Say then, reader, am I a virtue or a vice, or if not exactly the latter, at least a very low-bred kind of quality, very well in my place, but utterly unfit for the fashionable world and people *comme il faut*? Certain fanciful people—who, by the bye, know nothing whatever, either of the world or of life—are pleased to assign me a very poetical pedigree, saying that I am the daughter of Innocence, or some such an

ante-diluvian character; thus at least establishing my descent from a sufficiently antiquated stock. But although certainly come of 'gentle blood,' I have never allied myself with any very noble families or shining characters, so that, notwithstanding my descent, I am but little regarded. I do verily believe that I should now-a-days hardly be noticed at all or have any thing to do, were I not employed in penning advertisements, or in helping authors to write critiques on their own works, on which occasions they always have recourse to me. Projectors, too, are another class of people with whom I am in great request. It is needless to inform the world how exceedingly attached quack doctors are to me, it being such a well-known fact; besides, *entre nous*, I do not feel myself particularly honoured by their familiarity, and therefore am not very anxious to record it. These are almost the only people to whom I prove of any great service, for, as to the rest of the world, I have but little influence in promoting their interests. It is said, indeed, that to me many a fair one has been indebted for a lover;—it may be so, but I am sure I never helped a gentleman to a *bonne fortune*.

ENIGMA VII.

OF all the instruments yet devised by man, I may venture to affirm that I am one of the most potent, and the most influential on his destinies; and may surely be permitted to speak thus boldly—not to say arrogantly—of my own pretensions, as I do not present myself barefaced to the reader, and am therefore justly entitled to the privilege annexed to wearing a mask; namely, that of speaking without disguise. Compared with me, what is the steam-engine, the sword, or the sceptre? It is not saying too much, to assert that I can effect more than all combined. In a few minutes, nay—in shorter time than a sword can be unsheathed,—can I transfer away a kingdom, or an estate—can create a new dynasty and new laws. More potent than the cannon, I can dart my vengeance or my mercy, even to the Antipodes.—Surpassing the greatest architects, I build monuments that will outlast the pyramids, those huge masses reared by gigantic power. Excelling the magic skill of the greatest necromancers, it is I who assist mighty spirits in invoking from the tomb the great and illustrious of distant ages, and displaying them once more endued with life and action. I lend to men a voice and language, that reach to the utmost bounds of the earth, and that are heard

through successive generations. The chisel of the sculptor and the pencil of the artist possess no force like mine: my productions excel those of the former in durability, those of the latter in the vividness which I impart to every action, and in the power which I have of depicting, not only the material, but the immaterial world. With equal facility, I display the unseen region of spirits—and the beauties of this visible globe;—the impalpable, as well as the corporeal—idea as well as substance. How many exquisite beauties and evanescent graces that mock the skill of the ablest pencil, do I pourtray to an admiring world! The colours of the painter fade, his greatest masterpieces ultimately perish, and that even the memory of them does not sink into utter oblivion, is owing to me. My own pictures, on the contrary, endure for ever: thousands of years elapse, and they continue in their original beauty: they are not impaired, although they may not always be appreciated. It is by means of me, that distant ages, and nations wide apart, communicate with each other; in this respect I may be termed a telescope for sound and thought, since what that instrument performs for the eye, I accomplish for the ear, by arresting and fixing for ever winged words and thoughts, and rendering the invisible visible. It is thus that, by a kind of magic power, I render sounds recognizable by the organs of sight. I am, indeed, endued with more virtues than the magician's wand has ever been fabled to possess, for I fill a mere blank with all the creations of imagination. Another world arises at my bidding, filled with men or monsters—with characters resembling those of the real world and of every-day life, or the gay phantoms of the mind and ideal scenes of visionary bliss.

LITERARY FUND.

The prosperity of a society having for its object the relief of men of talent, in the season of calamity and distress, cannot be uninteresting to any of our readers. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we can inform them, from the report made by the treasurer at the dinner, at Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, that the finances of the Literary Fund appear to be in a flourishing condition, and that many very considerable donations were made in the course of the evening. Nor will it be less gratifying to know, that out of a delicate consideration for the sensibility of those whose necessities had compelled them to make application for succour, the individual

cases were not disclosed to the company.

In consequence of the Duke of York not being able to attend, the Marquis of Lansdowne took the chair; who assured the company that, however he might regret the absence of his royal highness, he could not but feel proud at being called upon to preside at what he considered the most intellectual institution of this intellectual country. Soon after the cloth had been cleared, the usual toasts given, and the health of the chairman proposed by Lord John Russell, Sir William Ashburnham recited a poetical effusion in honour of his Majesty, as patron of the institution; but, as it contained nothing strikingly appropriate to the occasion, except it may be considered intended to give a jog to the loyalty of our bards, and as it is rather distinguished by its patriotism than by its poetical merits, we shall not notice it more particularly; neither shall we attempt to convey any idea of the ultra-loyal energy of Mr. Fitzgerald, whose productions at the anniversary dinners of the Literary Fund are too well known, and have been too frequently the butt of wicked wit, to require any illustration. At his phrensied ardour of sentiment we were not much astonished: but, verily, how great was our surprise at hearing him conclude with a line so quizzed by the authors of the rejected addresses,—

'The tree of freedom is the British oak.'

We were, however, at the same time pleased to have thus an unequivocal proof that Mr. F. has so little of that morbid sensibility to which his brethren of the *genus irritabile* are subject, as to be able to pronounce a line likely to awaken in his hearers associations by no means the most flattering to himself.

After some other healths had been given, the noble chairman said, that although the primary object of the meeting was to sympathize with unfortunate talent, he could not omit the opportunity of paying a compliment to those whose genius reflected so high a lustre on their country; he should therefore give the Poets of Great Britain: but as, in regarding a brilliant constellation, we are inclined to fix our attention more particularly upon some single star, so should he, while he drank the Poets of Great Britain as a body, in an especial manner propose the health of an eminent one then present, Mr. Thomas Moore.

In returning thanks for the honour thus conferred upon him, Mr. Moore took occasion to advert to the society itself,

which, he remarked, was particularly beneficial and benevolent, seeking as far as possible to save from the horrors of penury and affliction those to whom the society at large were so greatly indebted, and from whom it derived so considerable a portion of its intellectual enjoyments. Men of genius had been in all ages and countries, remarkable for their want of prudence, or rather for want of attention to their pecuniary interest—an attention incompatible with their very natures: acting from enthusiasm and feeling rather than from calculation and caution, they overlooked the vulgar yet indispensable requisites to worldly comfort and prosperity. Genius might be compared to Atalanta; it suffered itself to be distanced in the race by men infinitely inferior in point of intellect, but who possessed the cunning to secure to themselves the prize; unfortunately, however, the baits which tempted genius to turn aside from the course, and suffer competitors to outstrip it in the race after worldly attainments, were not golden ones. All present, he had no doubt, had heard of a man who was said by a Greek poet to be so thin that he was obliged to put stones in his pocket in order to prevent himself from being blown away by the wind. Authors resemble this unfortunate being in their *levity*; they too required a considerable ballast to keep them from being continually tossed to and fro; yet, unfortunately, their pockets were but slenderly provided with it. Fortune, capricious as she was represented, was seldom so in her conduct towards poets—upon whom she almost uniformly frowned; he was aware that there was one splendid exception to this rule in the present day—an author who had found a gold-mine on Parnassus, and who seemed to carry the spirit of Lombard Street into the retreats of the muses. He then proceeded to observe that the Literary Fund was instituted for the relief of all men of talents, of whatever party they might be; all political feelings and dissensions ought to be forgotten on such an occasion. He trusted that literature would always preserve its independence, and keep itself from becoming sycophantic on the one hand or fettered on the other; that the republic of letters would always continue a free republic, and contribute to the freedom and liberty of mankind. This speech was delivered with great spirit and animation, and was received with loud and enthusiastic applause. Shortly afterward the chairman retired, but the festivity of the evening was protracted to a late

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

hour, and was rendered unusually interesting by the flow of intellect which pervaded the conversation.

Original Poetry.

TO MY NIGHT-CAP.

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring many a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

When anguish hovers round my bed,
Thy form shall clasp my aching head,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

It matters not of what thou'rt made—
Of humblest yarn or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be bless'd
But virtue sinks to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.

J. M. LACEY.

THE BALL.

The harp's heart-stirring tones resound
The lofty 'luminated hall;
And, light of limb, the revellers round
Begin the gay and glad some ball;
O! may Apollo guide the hands
That stray the straining strings among,
While festive friendship here commands
The flowing flask, the dance, and song!

With beauty is our banquet bless'd,
With gentle, gay, and gallant youth;
See joy in every face express'd,
By sparkling eyes and smiling mouth!
Then through the dance, with tuneful tread,
To mirthful music let us move,
While fond and fair young nymphs we lead,
To notes that kindle joy and love!

Bring here the bowl of blushing wine!
Fair lady, kiss the kindly cup,—
The flavour'd virtues of the vine
Will keep thy gay young spirits up;
Tho' sweet indeed that cup to sip,
When woes the mind of man distress,
Yet sweeter far the laughing lip
It now so happy is to press.

Strike, harpers, strike the cheering chords!
Our heels and hearts in concord beat
To time and tune, while bend the boards
Beneath our light elastic feet;
How fair to view each well-dress'd pair
The varying figure nimbly trace,—
The graceful gait—the youthful air
Of every form, and every face!

And here with ripe refreshing fruit,
And here with sparkling purple wine,
Will we our wasted strength recruit,
And dance till morning sun shall shine!
So shall each honest heart rise high,
With fond festivity to-night;
And angels, envying earth, will sigh
To share our sinless sweet delight!

JOHN IMLAH.

TABLES RELATIVE TO THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

SCALE OF THE POPULATION IN FRANCE.
Ten million taken as unity.

yrs.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
0	10,000,000	9,692,745	9,442,537	9,217,162	9,004,498	8,799,054	8,598,072	8,400,092	8,204,350	8,010,398	7,818,029	7,627,162	7,437,776	7,249,884	7,063,542	6,878,812	6,695,767	6,514,479	6,335,020	6,157,457	5,981,858	5,808,278	5,636,777	5,467,403	5,300,198	5,135,205	4,972,458	4,811,983	4,653,806	4,497,953	4,344,438	4,193,276	4,044,477	3,898,051	3,754,012	3,612,354	3,473,090
37	3,336,224	3,201,761	3,069,706	2,940,068	2,812,851	2,688,070	2,565,736	2,445,865	2,328,474	2,213,586	2,101,223	1,991,415	1,884,193	1,779,592	1,677,651	1,578,411	1,481,919	1,388,221	1,297,368	1,209,413	1,124,409	1,032,411	953,477	877,655	805,003	735,558	679,397	616,533	557,010	500,857	448,093	398,727	352,757	310,167	270,929	234,996	202,309
74	172,787	146,335	122,838	102,163	84,160	68,660	55,471	44,417	35,279	27,842	21,882	17,178	13,509	10,666	8,428	6,628	5,148	3,944	2,978	2,213	1,615	1,156	810	554	369	239	150	90	53	30	16	9	4	2	1	0	0

MORTALITY, IN 1822.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
From birth to 3 ms.	1654	1313	2967
From 3 to 6 ms.	237	200	437
From 6 to 1 year..	401	352	753
From 1 to 2 years	737	689	1426
From 2 to 3 years	460	410	870
From 3 to 4 years	344	325	669
From 4 to 5 years	202	205	407
From 5 to 6 years	182	179	361
From 6 to 7 years	161	147	308
From 7 to 8 years	99	80	179
From 8 to 9 years	71	85	156
From 9 to 10 years	61	52	113
From 10 to 15 years	237	274	511
From 15 to 20 years	459	349	808
From 20 to 25 years	1033	638	1671
From 25 to 30 years	605	574	1179
From 30 to 35 years	336	537	873
From 35 to 40 years	363	431	794
From 40 to 45 years	340	445	785
From 45 to 50 years	359	417	776
From 50 to 55 years	377	486	863
From 55 to 60 years	503	479	982
From 60 to 65 years	570	473	1043
From 65 to 70 years	628	584	1212
From 70 to 75 years	518	621	1139
From 75 to 80 years	379	514	893
From 80 to 85 years	213	337	550
From 85 to 90 years	92	131	223
From 90 to 95 years	21	42	63
From 95 to 100 years	5	8	13
Above 100 years....	0	1	1
Morgue *	209	48	257

Total.. 11,856 11,426 23,282
* The ages of those not known.

SCALE OF THE MORTALITY IN FRANCE.
One millions being taken as unity.

yrs.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
0	1,000,000	767,625	671,834	624,668	598,713	583,151	573,025	565,838	560,245	555,486	551,122	546,888	542,630	538,255	533,711	528,969	524,020	518,863	513,502	507,949	502,216	496,317	490,267	484,083	477,777	471,366	464,863	458,282	451,635	444,932	438,183	431,398	424,583	417,744	410,886	404,012	397,123
37	390,219	383,301	376,363	369,404	362,419	355,400	348,342	341,235	334,072	326,843	319,539	312,148	304,662	297,070	289,361	281,527	273,560	265,450	257,193	248,782	240,214	231,488	222,605	213,567	204,380	195,054	185,600	176,035	166,377	156,651	146,882	137,102	127,347	117,656	108,070	98,637	89,404
74	80,423	71,745	63,424	55,517	48,057	41,107	34,705	28,886	23,680	19,106	15,175	11,886	9,224	7,165	5,670	4,686	3,830	3,093	2,466	1,938	1,499	1,140	851	620	442	307	207	135	84	51	29	16	8	4	2	1	0

MOVEMENT IN THE POPULATION OF PARIS, IN 1822.

Births.		
At home—in marriage,	boys 8516	16,841
Out of marriage	girls 8325	
	boys 2469	4986
	girls 2517	
In the hospitals—in marriage	boys 155	288
	girls 133	
Out of marriage	boys 2422	4765
	girls 2343	
Total.....		26,880
Total, boys, 13,562; girls, 13,318.		
Natural children acknowledged	males 1126	2270
	females 1144	
Abandoned	males 3765	7481
	females 3716	
Total.....		9751
Deaths.		
At home	males 6955	14,320
	females 7365	
In the hospitals	males 3882	7855
	females 3973	
Military	males 797	797
	females 0	
In the prisons	males 13	53
	females 40	
At the morgue.....	male 209	257
	female 48	
Total.....		23,282

Still-born.

Males, 795; females, 626; total, 1421.

Died of small pox, in 1822.			
Ages.	Males.	Fem.	Total.
In their first year	49	56	105
From 1 to 2 years	63	60	123
From 2 to 3 years	74	72	146
From 3 to 4 years	68	62	130
From 4 to 5 years	54	36	90
From 5 to 6 years	50	41	91
From 6 to 7 years	39	35	74
From 7 to 8 years	19	20	39
From 8 to 9 years	13	25	38
From 9 to 10 years	11	8	19
From 10 to 15 years	32	25	57
From 15 to 20 years	39	21	60
From 20 to 30 years	77	30	107
Total	585	499	1084

Marriages.			
Bachelors and maids	5933	}	7157
Bachelors and widows	329		
Widowers and maids	685		
Widowers and widows	210		

A PEEP INTO THE KITCHEN.

An American Sketch.

My great uncle, one of the early settlers in New York, amuses himself in his green old age, by walking leisurely through the streets of the city, to observe its great and growing importance, and to trace, if possible, amidst splendid houses and elegant squares, the spots on which his favourite cherry-trees once stood, or the ponds of fresh water in which he angled for trout. He is an acute observer of manners, habits, and customs, and the strength of his memory enables him to estimate every thing of the present day by comparison with former times. "Hans," said he to me the other day, "do you see yon old auntie there, sitting in the green arm-chair knitting?—She has not altered in fifty years—she was once younger, to be sure, and so was I, but we have observed no alteration in each other;—as we began life, so we have proceeded, and so we hope to end it,—uniform, industrious, and economical; but, Hans, people change very much with the times—would you believe it, last night I was in a passion?" "No," said I; "in a passion? impossible." "You shall hear," says he. "Last night, about ten o'clock, as I was sitting with my specs on, reading the Evening Post; I always reads the Post out of compliment to my old friend Coleman, who never changes style or politics—mammy sat there where she now sits, nursing Chequita, the little lap-dog, when suddenly I heard a rat-tat-tat-too at the door. "Gemini," said I, "here's bad news; stocks have fallen, the Tariff Bill has passed in its present shape, or there's to be no Caucus at Washington." I rose, took the candle, went through the hall and opened the door, when a lady elegantly dressed entered. "Good evening," said I, bowing to the ground; "will you do me the honour to walk into the parlour,—it is quite comfortable, no one is there but my wife, and I shall be happy to attend to any business you may have with me." To my dismay and astonishment, she interrupted me with a loud and vulgar laugh, and an

ejaculation of "don't you know me?" I lifted the candle under a huge black bonnet, with a scoop as large as the run of a butter tub, with a plume of black nodding feathers dangling on the top, and found that it was Polly Watts, my cook. "Why, Polly," says I, "where have you been, woman?" "O," says she, brushing by me with an air, and making for the kitchen door, "I've been at a party!" A party! prodigious. I returned to the parlour, took my seat near the fire, and fell musing. Ah, Hans, what a change in men and women also. In my time, the maids were a different order of nobility to what they are now. When I lived in Pearl Street, near the old Fly Market, the water came up to my doors, and I could see the battery and Corlars Hook to the right and left. The first maid I hired came from Sapus; her name I remember well was Hannah Snidiker. You remember her, too, mammy, she was a stout Dutch wirl of twenty, with brawny arms, flesh as firm as fresh-streaked bass, and cheeks as broad and as red as pulpit cushions. She wore a striped linsy-woolsey petticoat which reached gracefully a little below the knee, exhibiting a stout and well-turned leg and ankle, and a foot sufficiently expansive to sustain her portly figure. She had on black leather shoes, thick soles, high heels, and covered with a thumping pair of brass buckles, which looked like burnished gold. She was the girl to wash, scrub, scour, and work. We gave her five pounds a-year wages, and she laid it nearly all by. The maids generally were pretty much the same in those times; they were always at home, and if they read, it was a page or two in Thomas Aquinas, the Pilgrim's Progress, or Poor Richard's Almanack, with a chapter in the Bible on Sunday. They allowed no man to get the advantage of them if resistance could prevent it, and we were never at a loss in those times to distinguish the maid from the mistress; but now, Hans, said the old gentleman, raising his hands and eyes, "what a change—Polly Watts, my cook, who is up to her elbows in grease all day, dresses herself like a lady of fashion, and hops off to a party at night."

The other day I accidentally strolled into the chamber of my god-daughter Magdalena, and before the glass stood that pert and pretty little chambermaid, Susan Augusta Caroline Matilda Willis. I paused to examine her movements unseen. She emptied a considerable portion of my god-daughter's honey-water in her hands, which she rubbed through her fine glossy hair, using the brushes and combs at the same time. After disposing of the curls in the most tasty style, she arranged her beau catchers, beau killers, and drops, in a very attractive manner; then seizing a coarse towel, she wiped her cheeks with considerable violence, to give them a colour. Magdalena, you know, Hans, is not fashionable enough to keep a pot of paint on her toilet.

While these ceremonies were progress-

ing, I was shielded from observation by a part of the festoons and drapery of the bed, and stood in mute astonishment, leaning my chin upon my silver-headed cane, and with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger." Having accommodated her hair and cheeks, the young wench began to unpin her ruffles. Gad-zooks, says I to myself, I hope she is not going to undress before me; for, old as I am, Hans, I should not have liked any one to have popped in upon us. Mamma there would have been a little jealous; ho! ho. Well, Hans, this little fille de chambre proceeded to make up her toilette, and drew from her bosom a long wide misshapen piece of black whalebone, a new invention to make women hold their heads up, and quite in character for maid and mistress. Just at that moment, mammy's lap dog began to bark, and I stole softly down into the parlour. O tempora—O the maids—O the manners.'

The old gentleman rapped his silver snuff box pretty hard, and with a grim visage covered his nose and lips with rappee. 'Not long ago, Hans,' said he, 'I pulled off my hat and made a low bow to my amiable friend, Mrs. Rose in bloom, in Broadway; but alas, it was only to her hat and shawl, which covered the slender person of her maid Margery. The other night, when I visited the theatre, to see Cooper and Conway, I found myself comfortably seated in the dress boxes, between a waiter and a maid of one of our flourishing boarding houses. Now, Hans, I am not aristocratical; and well behaved persons are entitled to respect, whatever may be their condition in life; but look at the evil example of maids and waiters receiving five and ten dollars per month, dressing extravagantly, and dashing like people of fashion. How they contrive to manage it with so slender an income is to me extraordinary; they must have 'funds available,' as a certain young man in office calls them. Yesterday, Polly Watts, Susan, and Quash, called upon me, as a committee from the kitchen, to remonstrate upon the compulsory process of using Havana instead of loaf sugar in their tea; and they absolutely begged leave to present a bill for the establishment of a home department in the kitchen, to draw similar supplies appropriated for the parlour.'

There was much truth in the old gentleman's observations and complaints; and this system of ruinous imitation, this swelling of frog to resemble the portly figure of the ox, is not confined alone to servants; it runs through all classes of the community. Creatures of habit, and almost servile imitation,—the courtier apes the king; the commoner the courtier; the maid the mistress; the scullion the cook; each striving to overcome the obstacles of birth, the barriers of fortune, and considering merit as least worthy of imitation. In domestic life, however, these attempts to run a race of fashion, to dress, ride, move, sit and talk, as your

more wealthy neighbours do, bespeak a mind unaccustomed to reflection; habits at war with prudence, and conduct at variance with common sense.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AMONG the pictures which we had no room to notice last week, except by merely pointing them out, the foremost place must be assigned to Danby's *Sunset at Sea, after a Storm*, No. 350, a most extraordinary composition. The fiery disk of the sun, just about to sink beneath the horizon, tips the edges of the waves with liquid fire; the lower part of the sky is sombre and murky, but, above, the clouds catch the beams of the sun, so as to produce the most brilliant effect. In the foreground is seen a raft, with some figures on it, who add wonderfully to the sentiment of the scene. We hesitate not to say that this subject displays more of poetry, imagination, and sublimity, than any other in the exhibition this season. Its grandeur is merely physical, but it is superlatively impressive; and both the idea and execution indicate talent, which, if assiduously cultivated, must place the painter in the very first class of modern artists. Among the very few attempts at poetical composition, a foremost place must be assigned to Stephanoff's rich and spirited sketch, No. 58, the *Triumph of Rubens*, in which the painter seems to have caught much of the spirit of that great master. The subject is an exceedingly happy one for the pencil, and is admirably treated. Why, therefore, we venture to inquire, is this charming production hung in so disadvantageous a situation, while so many inferior ones are more conspicuously placed? The caprice, injustice, and want of taste displayed in this respect, is absolutely disgraceful to the academy. Nor is the present by any means a solitary instance of the reprehensible manner in which the hanging committee arrange the pictures. There are, also, we are sorry to perceive, many paintings which might have been discarded altogether, without lessening the credit of the arts or the attractions of the exhibition. Among those pictures which should have been placed nearer to the eye, is Miss Sharples' *Mouse*, No. 21. The expression of the females who have leaped on the sofa, particularly the elder one, is exceedingly good. Yet, notwithstanding the merit of this

picture in many respects, the subject cannot be said to be a very happy one: there is in it more of whim than of real interest or humour; neither do we think that the figures are so well grouped as they might have been, or that the artist has been happy in the architecture of the room, and other accessories. There is, however, much novelty and cleverness in this production, which, if not qualities to confer great reputation on a picture, have yet their value. We wish, indeed, that we could discern any pretensions to them in Singleton's *Falstaff*, which, to say the truth, is as insipid and commonplace a performance as can well be imagined of such a subject. There is not a single trait of originality or of study in this figure. We would advise no artist to attempt to embody such a character as Sir John, unless he can impart to it something of the smack and raciness and of that rich gusto which the poet has imparted to this fine creation of his fancy. Mr. Singleton's figure might make a very respectable appearance as a mere book embellishment, for which it has greatly the air of being intended, but it has none of those qualities which we seek for in a picture on such a subject; nor has it any redeeming beauties of execution to atone for its poverty in other respects. We cannot speak in much more commendatory terms of Stothard's *Venus and Graces*; which has all the mannerism and affectation of this artist, and but little of that elegance and poetic feeling which occasionally characterize his works. One journalist animadverted on what he considered the indelicacy of the subject; but he must have been particularly susceptible to impute any danger to such saintly, puritanical, and orderly company as we perceive here. There is much more mischief, we should apprehend, in Etty's *Pandora*, where the nether limbs of one of the figures are displayed with much more voluptuousness than decorum. Having thus indirectly alluded to that picture, we will finish our remarks on it at once. This artist is decidedly a mannerist in composition and execution; yet his mannerism is fraught with much beauty, and his ideal colouring accords well with the poetry of his subjects. In the present picture there is much fancy and poetical invention, gracefulness of form, and correctness of design; still there is a want of more mind in it; and were the local colouring truer to nature, the picture would be improved; for, in some parts, the carnations have too pinky or purply a hue.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS splendid gallery continues to attract public attention, and we are happy to lay before our readers such a catalogue of sold pictures and their purchasers, as to prove that a spirit of taste and liberality is still abroad amongst us:

- 109 By Blake—purchased by R. H. Davis, Esq. M.P. 50 guineas.
 104 J. Glover—J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P. 50gs.
 380 T. Heaphy—M. M. Zachary, Esq. 50gs.
 65 P. Simpson— — Knight, Esq. 40gs.
 203 J. Stark—M. M. Zachary, Esq. 40gs.
 84 H. Richter—W. Chamberlayne Esq.
 91 P. Naysmyth— — Gadsden, Esq.
 92 Ditto—ditto.
 123 T. C. Holland—Lord Northwick.
 158 W. Linton—W. Hinde, Esq.
 173 Ditto—ditto
 195 P. Naysmyth— — — — —
 183 T. C. Holland—Lord Northwick.
 60 Ditto—J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P. 100gs.
 87 Ditto—G. Ryall, Esq.
 22 J. Martin—J. G. Lambton, Esq. 500gs.
 245 J. Stark—Saville Onley, Esq.
 398 J. Martin— — — — —
 268 M. Brown—D. Grant, Esq.
 262 H. Hawkins—H. Meux, Esq.
 27 T. C. Holland—Lord Northwick.
 88 B. Blake—W. Copeland, Esq.
 269 T. C. Holland—Duke of Marlborough, 25g.
 290 Ditto—ditto
 7 E. Braley—G. Kirkpatrick, Esq.
 118 F. C. Turner—J. G. Lambton, Esq. 30gs.
 93 G. Stevens— — Davison, Esq.
 431 W. Essex—W. Copeland, Esq.
 523 Ditto—ditto.
 56 R. W. Earl—P. Booth, Esq.
 163 I. Stark—ditto
 164 D. Roberts—ditto.
 172 Ditto—ditto
 149 W. Linton—W. Fielding, Esq. 150gs.
 111 T. Hudstone—Earl Fitzwilliam,
 306 C. R. Stanley—J. Lambton, Esq.
 232 W. Linton—Mr. Tijou, Jun.
 76 T. C. Holland—Mr. Major.
 80 W. Cowen—Mr. Perez
 77 H. Pidding—J. Morrison, Esq. 25gs.
 242 H. Hawkins— — Wall, Esq.
 162 R. B. Davis—E. V. Utterson, Esq.
 143 G. Lance—Earl of Shaftesbury.
 206 Ditto—ditto.
 237 T. C. Holland—Mr. Tijou, Jun.
 45 E. Bradley—R. Wilson, Esq.

From this list it appears that Mr. Lambton, the wealthy and enlightened member for Durham, has been the principal purchaser,—a circumstance not less honourable to himself than beneficial to the various artists he has patronized. On casting our eyes over the column, we are reminded of a mistake made in our last number but one, in which we spoke of the view of Ulswater as being painted by Mr. Glover, whereas the picture in question (purchased by J. G. Lambton, Esq.) is by Mr. Holland; these gentlemen have both painted subjects of this description so often, and so well, they may pardon an occasional mistake of this nature. We hope, in our next, to be able

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to announce that the other most attractive pictures in this exhibition, such as Haydon's Silenus, Heaphy's Game of Put and Leap Year, the beautiful landscapes of Wilson, the fine view of Rhaiden du by Glover, Linton's striking coast scenes, and Stanfield's Antwerp, have also found the purchasers they so highly merit.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE Spirits of the *Star* and *Moon* still reign triumphant at the two winter theatres, but not more so than Mr. Mathews does at the English Opera House, where his local attraction continues undiminished. At Drury Lane Mr. Kean was to have appeared on Monday night, and a pretty crowded audience in the pit and gallery assembled to witness a performance which, though of great merit, has no novelty. After waiting some time, Mr. Bunn, the stage-manager, appeared, and very gravely stated, among deafening cries and shouts, that the *management* had just received a letter from Mr. Kean, who was ill at Derby, and that Mr. Macready had kindly undertaken the part. Considerable tumult took place, but at a quarter before eight o'clock the play was commenced, and Mr. Macready—whose good nature in appearing in a character Kean had made so much his own, cannot be too much praised—sustained the character of Gloucester with good effect. We observe in some of the morning papers a letter from a Mr. Philips, who calls himself a 'professional secretary' to Mr. Kean, stating that a letter was sent to the theatre so early as Friday, apprising Mr. Bunn of Mr. Kean's inability to appear on the following Monday. This point we leave the parties to settle, but we should as soon have expected an aid-de-camp to form part of the establishment of an actor as a secretary.

Literature and Science.

Water Telescope.—A new optical instrument of very considerable ingenuity has been invented by Mr. William Leslie, of Lausenburg, United States, for seeing through water, and thus exploring the bottoms of rivers, &c. It consists of a tube that may be varied in length as occasion shall require, about an inch broad at the top, where the eye is applied, and regularly enlarging to the bottom, which bears a proportion to the other end, about ten to one in diameter. Each end is glazed.—The great reason why we cannot look

through water to the bottom, is the reflection and refraction of the rays of light upon arriving at the surface. This glass overcomes that difficulty, by extending the eye, as it were, into the denser medium, and making use of the light which is in the water, where the rays pursue right lines, as well as in the rarer medium of the air. The advantages of such an instrument will readily occur.—Among other interesting ones, the speedy recovery of drowned bodies is one, and it would doubtless be the means of saving many lives. Lost property, too, may be found, and the impediments to excavation discovered, and their removal facilitated.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Nicknames in India.—*Qui hic?* Any one there? A mode the English at Bengal adopt in calling to their domestics; hence the nick-name. The English at Madras are facetiously designated *Mulls*, from their great fondness to the soup called *Mullecki-tunni*; while the Bombay people are called *Ducks*, from a name given to part of the army who opposed the late Tippoo Sahib. He was heard to observe, on hearing that the Bombay detachments kept the field in the rainy season, 'They were like ducks, always in the water.'

American Tippling.—Fifty millions of dollars (says a writer), it is calculated, will be spent this year in the United States for ardent spirits—that will be about 85 for each individual on the average; while our national tax is about 82! 'But' says a writer, 'Fifty millions of dollars lost is a trifle,—a point of vanity compared with the moral influence of intemperance. This immense sum has poured down the throats of about 4,000,000 of men, 75,000,000 gallons of liquid fire,—a quantity sufficient to supply a constant stream of 8000 gallons an hour, a quantity which, if collected and put into a reservoir, would form a small ocean, on whose bosom might be anchored a line of war-ships half a mile in length, or, if gathered into a canal, would fill one four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and thirty miles long.—*Connecticut Herald.*

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. B. and O. F. shall hear from us in a day or two.

We are sorry we cannot oblige an 'Old Maid.'

Several communications from old and new correspondents shall have early insertion.

* * * The printers' removal to Serle's Place, Carey Street, having compelled us to visit the Stamp Office, to register the event, 'according to law!' we have availed ourselves of the opportunity to omit the word 'Country,' which commenced our title in the stamped edition, and which often occasioned mistakes.—New subscribers, therefore, desiring our papers by post, will be pleased to order the stamped edition of *The Literary Chronicle*.

Works published since our last notice.—*The Love of the Colours*, with occasional Poems, 4s. 6d. Cochran's *Pedestrian Journey*, 8vo. 18s. Buttman's *Greek Grammar*, 8vo. 8s. Williams's *Christian Preacher*, 6s. *Best Intentions*, 12mo. 6s. Hough's *Reply to Dubois*, 8vo. 5s. *Shades of Character*, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford, 7s. 6d. Sullivan's *Dramatic Poems*, foolscap, 5s. *The Punic, or Recreations in Literature*, 7s. *The Harmonist's Preceptor*, 2s. 6d. Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. Supplement to *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 6 vols. 4to. 15l. Trial of the Rev. J. Smith, 4s. Damm's *Greek Lexicon*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. Westall's *Illustrations of Sturm's Reflections*, 8vo. 16 plates, 24s. Stevenson on *Catact*, 8vo. 8s. Fivas's *Beauties of Modern French Writers*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Kelly's *Myrtle Leaves*, 12mo. 5s. *Odes, Original and Translated*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Jouy's *Sylla*, a tragedy, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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W. LINTON, Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this SOCIETY will be held at the **FREEMASONS' TAVERN**, by adjournment, from the Third Thursday in May (being the Anniversary of the Feast of the Souls of the Clergy), to **WEDNESDAY, the 26th Instant.**

His Grace the Archbishop of **CANTERBURY** will take the Chair at Twelve o'Clock precisely.

W. JOHNSON RODDER, Sub-Secretary.
15, Duke Street, Westminster, May 10, 1824.

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